

filthy by ToAStranger

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Summary:

“What the fuck is that?”

“What? You never seen an 8-track recorder, Harrington? I thought you were a trust fund baby.”

“Shut the fuck up, Billy. I mean, what are you doing with it?”

“Recording. Obviously.”

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Author's Note:

- For [brawlite](#).

This was meant to just be smut about Billy listening to a recording of him and Steve having sex-- based on something brawlite said in our "Wicked Games" fic and also JT's new song "Filthy"-- but then I fucked up and added emotions to it. Whoops!

“What the fuck is that?”

“What? You never seen an 8-track recorder, Harrington? I thought you were a trust fund baby.”

“Shut the fuck up, Billy. I mean, what are you doing with it?”

“Recording. Obviously.”

The sound quality isn't the best. There's a crackling quality to it, something tinny to their voices, but on a Tuesday night with no way of getting out of the house, of getting around Neil, the recording sounds immaculate.

Sounds like the memory of sin. The phantom of pleasure in the wet sound of lips meeting, in the little gasps of breath Billy can catch with his headphones on, the groan of bed springs. The closest he can get to Steve on nights like this, when he feels so far away.

“You aren't-- Billy, you aren't recording us having sex.”

“You're right. I'm recording the sound of us having sex.”

“Billy.”

But Steve yields. He always yields, if Billy asks just right. If he catches him, hand at Steve's nape, and whispers filthy promises in his ear.

He remembers the flush on Steve's face. The way it had spread to his ears and down his bare chest, skin on display for Billy's eyes, mouth, hands. Remembers the way he'd hesitated, but his pupils had been blown out and dark and telling.

Billy grins, lacing his fingers behind his head, leaning back in bed, legs crossed at the ankle. He's already a little hard, remembering.

"C'mon, pretty boy. I just want you to moan for me."

Steve sighs, static rustling through the recording.

"Fine."

It doesn't take long for things to get good. For Steve's voice to take on that lovely, breathy quality as Billy had laid him out and kissed every inch of him.

Billy honestly thinks he could bottle the sounds Steve's makes and sell them. That the way he moans in Billy's ear when he's fucking him should be outlawed in all fifty states. That he sobs so pretty when Billy spreads him open with his fingers for too long.

The truth of the matter is: Steve is always so prim and proper. The good, little rich boy doing the right thing. Cool, collected, *frigid*.

But Billy knows, given the right attention, the right *touch*, the right word, Steve turns *molten*.

"Billy, c'mon," Steve sighs again, and Billy can feel the ghost of his nails digging blunt into his shoulders. *"Stop teasing."*

"Turn over for me."

And Billy remembers that, too. The way Steve had obeyed, cock hard and aching between his thighs, and he'd gotten on his hands and knees for him so that Billy could find a home right between the spread of his legs and press against the curve of his ass.

Remembers the way Steve had trembled as he smoothed his hand along his spine and guided himself in, in, *in*. Hears the moment he bottoms out in the way Steve's breath catches on a keening moan

over the recording.

Billy can't help it. He groans between the bite of his teeth, reaches down, and palms himself through his sweats.

"That's it, baby. Fuck , you take me so well."

Steve whines, wordless, in Billy's ears. It rings in his head, rattles around, and he squeezes himself through the soft cotton of his pants.

But it's not until Billy starts fucking him, starts driving in, steady and deep and slow, that he's rewarded with the best sounds. Each breath Steve takes is tainted with pleasure-- little hisses and mewls and moans. The heady guttural groan when Billy buries deep and *grinds in* .

It sends a wonderful, dreadful tremor along Billy's bones. Makes him quake as he finally gives in and dips his hand below his waistband. As he strokes along his shaft, Steve's voice in his ears, gasping his name over and over.

It's absolutely *filthy* , the way Steve Harrington says Billy's name.

It's also the thing that sends him over the edge, spilling out over his own fist as Steve sobs out a plea in his ears.

He lays there, breathless and shaky, listening to the two of them wind down. Listening to Steve's breath even out, to the wet smack of Billy's mouth pressing kisses all along Steve's shoulders and back, to the soft hum it earns.

Listens to the rustle of material as they clean up, as they climb between the sheets, as they curl into one another. Listens to his own breath calm, go deep and steady on the recording, and hangs on until the very end-- spent and on the edge of slumber himself-- when Steve presses close and kisses him somewhere, though Billy doesn't remember where, and says:

"I love you, you big idiot."

The recording winds to an end not long after that. After they've both dozed off.

Laying, alone in bed, the ghost of Steve's voice in his ears, Billy breathes out slow.

"Yeah." He says to his ceiling. "Yeah, I love you, too."